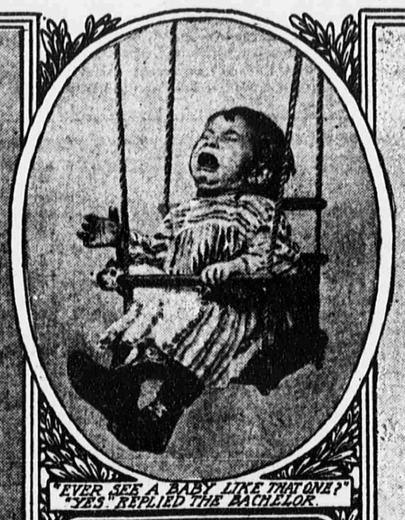
WHERE BABIES ARE NOT ALL ALIKE

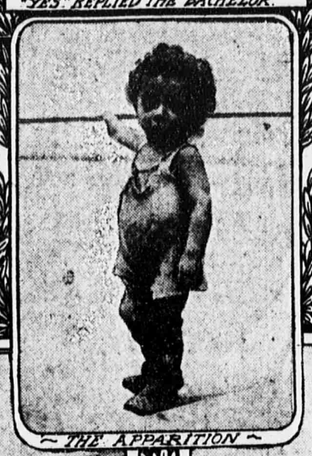
A Walk in the East Side That Taught the Bachelor Something of the Varieties.

A BABY, BUT SO OLD

A FUTURE GOOD AMERICAN



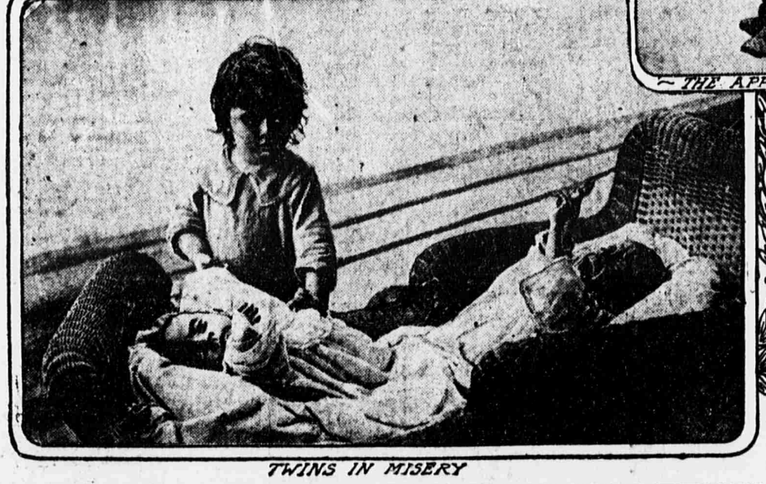
"EVER SEE A BABY LIKE THAT ONE?" "YES," REPLIED THE BACHELOR.



~ THE APPARITION ~

THE CHERUB

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN GOT UP IN FASHION



TWINS IN MISERY

THREE IN A SAND HEAP

"All babies look alike," said the bachelor.

"All babies do not look alike," said the young reformer.

"All babies look alike—to me," mildly corrected the bachelor, "but I'm open to conviction. Show me a bunch of babies that don't all look alike and I'll give in and acknowledge I'm wrong."

"I'll do it," said the reformer gravely.

"Where? What kind of babies?"

"East Side babies. You come with me. I'll show you a sight such as you never saw before."

"I'm with you," said the bachelor unabashed.

So it came about that two, one armed with a camera, picked their way through the packed streets of the East Side on a recent warm morning.

Suddenly as they edged their way along through the throngs that filled the sidewalks an apparition started up in their pathway that caused the bachelor to stare and the young reformer to burst into laughter.

The apparition was small—and dirty. It stood about two feet high, had a small, saucy and variegated countenance, a curly head and was clothed in a single garment of meagre proportions.

"There!" exclaimed the reformer, with a ring of unholy triumph in her tone, "Did you ever see a baby that looked like that before?"

The bachelor adjusted his eyeglasses and scratched his head.

"N-no, I don't know as I ever did," he admitted reluctantly, "he-he's a kind of a new specimen to me. A trifle unconventional, as it were, as to costume. Still"—as the infant waded solemnly out into the gutter and sat down in a puddle—"that kind of a costume may have some things to recommend it on a morning like this, and if civilization——"

The young reformer looked severe.

"Don't joke. Think of that little child——"

"I am thinking of him. He looks comfortable. I was just thinking I should like to join his club."

The young reformer moved on.

"Moving on" was a matter attended with some difficulty, as it necessitated working a passage way through the midst of some hundreds of yelling, grinning, shouting children, and a like number of smiling and interested adults of both sexes.

On the edges of the crowd the reformer stopped suddenly.

"Look there," she ejaculated. "Did you ever see a baby like him before?"

Directly in their pathway stood a solemn looking young gentleman of scarcely two years, who, in spite of the heat of the morning, was got up in fashion. His pudgy little legs were encased in long trousers that came down to his toes and were carefully turned up at the bottom, he wore a frock coat, buttoned down the front and reaching to his knees, and a lace collar of large dimensions was artistically draped across his baby chest. He preserved a wavering equilibrium on the top of an empty soap box, and regarded the pair with scowling brows as they levelled the camera in his direction.

The reformer grinned exultantly, but the bachelor merely grunted and turned his head away.

When they reached the entrance to a park, where the uneasy bachelor thought there must be a million children playing, the reformer stopped with a mischievous smile on her face.

"There," she cried. "Look at that! Did you ever see a baby look like that one?"

The bachelor mopped his face and gazed with apologetic glance down what appeared to be the entrance to a coral red excavation with a small rim of baby face about it.

"Yes, I did," he said, energetically; "most of 'em look like that, most of the time."

The reformer shook her head.

"Then look over there, what do you think of that one?"

Leaning against a post stood a strong, erect, finely built woman, with an amused smile on her face, and in her arms a cherub of a baby, which smiled out upon the world with laughing eyes, as if all men and all nature were one huge joke to him.

The bachelor looked chagrined, and the reformer chucked the baby under the chin with an exultant smile.

As they walked on and made their way out on to one of the recreation piers, the smile faded, and a mist of tears gathered in the bright eyes of the young reformer, as she stooped over a tiny "little mother" who stood beside a double baby carriage in which lay a pair of sickly, wailing twins.

The bachelor gazed, then turned away his head. There was no need to ask the question here. In all his easy, comfortable, care free existence he had never seen babies that looked like these.

Their little faces, shorn of all the curves and colors of babyhood, were blue and haggard and pinched, their eyes were sunken, their tiny arms were flabby yellow sticks, and their hands like the claws of a bird.

"What is it—what is the matter with them?" gasped the bachelor.

"What is the matter with them?" repeated the reformer. "Lack of air, lack of proper nourishment, lack of almost everything that is a baby's natural birthright. And look at the baby that is taking care of them! How about her? Do you see the look of care and responsibility on that baby face? Is it not pitiful? The mother is probably off at work somewhere to earn the money that must keep them all."

It was with a great sigh that the bachelor turned his eyes from the pitiful faces to the pointing finger of the reformer, who stood smiling into the fat, jolly little face of an Italian baby, which, kicking and crowing in its mother's arms, drank greedily from a nursing bottle which she held to its lips.

"That's better," said the reformer, as she closed up the camera, and they turned away from the pier; "that mother is strong and well herself, well nourished, and knows how to take care of her baby. That young chap will probably make a good American citizen some day."

As they emerged from the shade of the pavilion the reformer stopped and pointed to a little group of babies playing in the sand. There were three of them, and their combined age would scarcely amount to half a dozen years.

They had no attendants, apparently; but seated in a deep bed of sand were gravely and solemnly employed in making mud pies.

The shade passed from the bachelor's face, and he laughed out merrily, as the youngest and fattest of the trio held up her dimpled arms alluringly and murmured "Papa."

"Not on your life, miss," he laughed sheepishly, as he bent down and tossed her up to his shoulder; then, in a lower voice, as he restored her to her seat in the sand, "but I wouldn't mind so thundering much if I was. She's a sweet thing."

The reformer roused him by pulling at his sleeve.

"Look!" she whispered. "Quick! I want you to see this. Now did you ever see a baby that looked like that one before?"

The bachelor roused himself, tucked his handkerchief into his wilting collar, and shook his head.

"No, I never did," he admitted candidly, regarding with interest a toddling figure which ambled toward them, all alone, clothed in a long skirt and a faded green pea jacket, many sizes too large for him, and trundling before him a barrel hoop, only a little less wabbly in its movements than himself.

His head was broad and high, and too full above the ears, his tiny face was dirty, thin and yellow, and his pale blue eyes gazed up at them with an expression too shrewd and keen for babyhood.

The reformer turned to him questioningly.

"Are you convinced? Do you want to see any more——"

The bachelor threw up his hands.

"No more, no more, I beg of you. I did not know. I take it all back. I will never say it again."

WORKING GIRLS IN THEIR INN.

"WILL THEY LIKE IT?" THE QUESTION PEOPLE ASK.

New York's First Practical Test of the Theory That Women Wage Earners Want Better Accommodations Than Those of Average Boarding House —Trowmart Opened With 80 Guests.

There is a disadvantage in earning more than $12 a week, some women have discovered. It is that they are debarred from living at Trowmart Inn, opened the other day in Abingdon Square. For the same reason some women have also discovered that it is a disadvantage to be more than 35.

Thrifty wage earners with hopes of getting a tip top room and two good meals a day for $5 a week and of salting down most of the balance of a $25 salary, and thus in time becoming feminine Russell Sages, drop such hopes with a thud once they encounter the keen eyed manager of the inn, who has lived long enough to be admirably informed as to the ways of her sex.

"Where are you employed and what is your salary?" she asks encouragingly and with a pleasant smile when an applicant for a room appears.

"I sell ladies' suits at Blank's and get $12 a week," returns the applicant, and the answer is accepted without question—at the time.

The statement, however, is referred to the powers in Blank's establishment for corroboration, and if it turns out that Miss Sapphira's salary is $16 a week instead of $12 she is politely informed that the rooms at the inn are all needed for young women of smaller income.

Those in the secret say that the management occasionally stretches a point in favor of an income of $15, but that this sum represents the very last limit of eligibility, and of course it must be earned. No idler living on an income not earned, no matter how attenuated that income may be, need dream of moving her goods and chattels to the inn; neither need any woman who wants to do her work at home. The bedrooms, the reception rooms, the parlors there, may not be used as private workshops by brain or by hand workers.

"That's all right," said an experienced hotel man apropos of this regulation, "but what gets me is how the Trowmart Inn manager means to tackle the age limit stipulation. Just fancy challenging a prospective guest as to how old she is," and the man of long experience rumpled his hair and looked almost frightened.

"Oh, you are a man," returned with sympathy the woman to whom he spoke. "A woman of experience would scarcely need to put the question. She will probably guess correctly within a year or two of a woman's age every time."

The man looked unconvinced. "I'd like to wager," said he, "that once the inn is filled up there will be dozens of guests on hand who, if their family Bible could be produced, would show up a good bit past 35."

The inn manager is not giving away any information as to how she gets around this difficulty, but it was noticed the other evening as a youthful appearing woman approached the desk and began a conversation that the manager hastened to say with an air of regret:

"Our rule is, you know, not to take guests who are over 35."

"Oh!" returned the applicant in a dazed tone, made as if she would say something more, thought better of it, and departed.

No questions had been asked or answered on either side, and yet the matter was adjusted in less than one minute.

As W. R. H. Martin, who built the hotel at a cost of $300,000, explained when the rules governing the admission of guests were drawn up:

"An age limit is introduced in order to make it possible to reserve the inn for its original purpose, which is to furnish refined, comfortable quarters and good food at small cost to young girls employed in stores and elsewhere at small salaries and who find it more difficult to get accommodations in boarding houses than do women of more mature years. Many of the more desirable boarding houses, I am told, refuse to take young girls at all.

"I believe also that an age limit will conduce to the greater happiness of younger women guests, most of whom like to romp and sing and play ragtime better than to sit quietly and read. The nearer the same age the guests are the less likely one is to annoy another."

Nevertheless, some well wishers of the inn who see in it a practical answer to the question, "Can good boarding accommodations be furnished under $5 a week?" and who predict that it will be the forerunner of many more lodging houses and hotels for working women, hesitate to believe that any hotel where an age limit is drawn can be made a success, and these persons point to the fact that the inn whose complement is 300 guests opened with only eighty names on the register. At the hotel, however, the comparatively small registration was explained by the absence of many hundreds of working girls from the city on their vacations, and by the fact that presumably thousands more have never even heard of the inn. Indications are, they say, that before cold weather comes the place will be jammed.

The first comers include all kind of girls. There are girls who can play with some skill the upright piano in the parlor, and others who can't play the piano, but take immense satisfaction in working the mechanical piano player attached to a second piano, side by side with the other. And not a guest of them all but was wildly enthusiastic over the Trowmart Inn and the almost luxurious appointments at their disposal.

"Think of having five bathrooms on every floor!" said one girl.

"And of a mattress without lumps and a clothes closet that shuts and locks," chimed in another.

"What I like best of all," said a third, "is the sewing room. I'm always in a hurry to get through my dinner so that I can take my sewing and have one of the fine new sewing machines all to myself for an hour. And a gas stove and irons at my elbow to press the seams without making a long journey to the kitchen to be snubbed by a landlady for wanting to press a seam at all. I can make all my own shirt waists now, evenings."

"I like the laundry best," put in another girl. "All any of us has to furnish is the soap. Last night I washed out a lot of small pieces, dried and ironed them before 9 o'clock."

One bright faced girl of maybe 20 sat down the day she arrived in turn in every one of the six small reception rooms, feasting her eyes on the pretty floor rug and comfortable furniture and, lastly settled in the big parlor waiting her chance to preside at the piano player.

An intelligent looking and slightly older young woman hovered in and out the door of the room to be used as a library, gazing longingly at the vacant shelves.

A guest who arrived among the very first and had unpacked her trunk in a jiffy was explaining to a later comer the beauties of the trunk room in the basement. Said she:

"Every trunk is put in a little wire room of its own, marked with the number of the room of the guest to whom it belongs, and all the owner has to do when she wants to put anything in her trunk or take anything out of it is to unlock the wire cage and step in. It's great."

The only note of complaint came from a girl who remarked plaintively:

"I do wish they used tablecloths in the dining room."

Answered the girl to whom she spoke with a laugh:

"Why, polished mahogany is all the style."

"But I like a tablecloth better," persisted the other.

The dining room at the inn is furnished with oblong tables of mahogany finish, each seating about one dozen persons and the seating capacity of the room, which is finished in light tones, is 250.

Of the 200 or more sleeping rooms about fifty are intended to accommodate two guests, and they are furnished with two small white iron bedsteads, two chiffoniers of quartered oak, two white iron washstands, a pretty strip of carpet before each bed, a table and two comfortable chairs. For these the charge is $4.50 a week for each person. Two meals a day are included, 15 cents additional being charged for luncheon on holidays and supper on Sundays. No lunch is served on other days. For the privilege of rooming alone the charge is $5 a week.

In this hotel there are absolutely no extras and no fees are expected. The elevators are run till 11 P. M.

Practically the only restrictions are these: No man, not even a great-grandfather, may be entertained by a guest in her room or taken on any pretext above the ground floor. Guests are not expected to make a practice of staying out late at night and the two pianos in the parlor must not be operated at the same time if the players are bent on giving different selections.

A feature which gives great satisfaction to many friends of the young working girl is the setting aside of several rooms at 50 cents a night for transients, who will not be refused no matter at what hour of the night they apply, nor confronted with the question, "From where did you come and why did you come?"

A woman physician charging not much more than a nominal fee to the guests, has her offices in the inn, and in all other respects, so far as can be learned, the inn is conducted after the usual hotel system. Therefore when the question is asked by one person or another—and it is asked continually—"Will the working girls like this hotel, built expressly for their benefit?" women who have long interested themselves in the problem of comfortably housing young wage earners at minimum prices answer "Yes" and "No." Say the first:

"Girls accustomed to rooming alone, to space, fresh air system and order, who, maybe, were brought up in the country and came to New York to earn a living, as hundreds of country girls do come every year, will appreciate the inn's comforts and seize the chance to secure them."

On the contrary, say the others:

"The average city working girl, brought up generally in a crowded part of the city, does not feel at home in a place where more or less formality is observed, where system, order, cleanliess and individual privacy are insisted on. Invariably she is happier in a stuffy, ill kept boarding house than in the finest hotel ever built.

"She would rather bunk with two or three chums in a small room of a tenement house than be the sole occupant of a room in any hotel, however desirable."

Naturally this difference of view inclines a third contingent to declare that the success of Trowmart Inn is not by any means assured and that it must be determined by the alacrity or the reverse of young working girls to secure quarters there in the autumn. Meanwhile another question of intense interest to many persons is whether the inn will pay even with every room taken, and here again is a division of opinion.

There are hotel men who say it cannot be done, and they point as an example to the Hotel Martha Washington, which started out to give a room and three meals a day for from $9.50 to $12 a week, and before the year was out raised its rates in order to save the stockholders from losing money. And the higher rates have been maintained.

Fortunately, however, there are business men who differ with such critics. One of them, as he worked the thing out on paper, made this calculation:

"The interest on $300,000, figuring at 4 per cent., would be $12,000, and the income from the inn's guests, provided the rooms were all occupied, would be close to $75,000. Deducting from this $12,000 for interest on the capital invested would leave five-sixths or so of the sum total with which to operate the place, an amount amply sufficient, it seems to me."

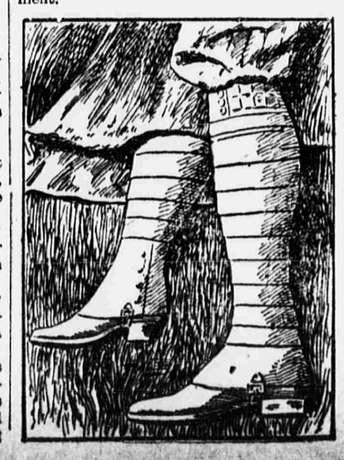
As a matter of fact the owner of Trowmart Inn is not yet looking for any interest on his investment. What he does expect, though, is that the first hotel of its kind in this country will pay expenses.

PUTTEES FOR WOMEN.

New Spiral Variety Has Been Adopted by Englishwomen.

Spiral puttees, shaped so as to wind from ankle to knee without any turns and twists are an English novelty.

They are made in colors to match the costume. Worn with spats, they are a valuable item in a woman's outing equipment.



THE MASTER READS MAETERLINCK

In Mystic Dimness—Six White Robed Youths Assist Him—Tea at the Conclusion.

It was fairly light in the hall, but once one stepped within the portal dimness prevailed—dimness feebly pierced by the glow of Oriental lamps and of small candles behind strange looking shields.

"Ah!" sighed a guest as she barely saved herself from falling after colliding with a chair. "How mystically beautiful! How exquisitely mystic! How marvellous!"

"Yes," the Master replied softly as he stood within the portal clad in a Roman toga and wearing a ring whose brilliancy threatened to light that part of the room in spite of him, "I love the shadows. It is my pleasure to make much of them. The common herd are so disposed to do away with them, to prefer the ordinary garishness of the light of day!"

The guests mostly sat still in the mystic dimness. A few conversed in whispers, accentuating the things they could see by introducing them into their conversation, and leaving out those they couldn't see.

"Ah!" sighed one. They all sighed "Ah!" Perhaps because it was so mystic dim; who knows? "The Master will read us Maeterlinck to-night. The Master will read us Maeterlinck!"

"The Master will read us Maeterlinck tonight," repeated another, Maeterlinckly.

"Do you know what it is of Maeterlinck that he will read?" asked a third, in white, who sat like a wraith on a crimson settee with a crimson back, above which shone a dull red shield.

"He will read 'Monna Vanna,'" answered the first, whose crushed raspberry gown would have blended poorly with the deep rich crimson of her surroundings except for the mystic lights.

"Ah!" sighed the second. "Then he will read 'Monna Vanna'?"

"Yes, 'Monna Vanna,'" came sighingly from the rest.

The guests arrived. The dim, deep, dark rooms filled.

The guests stumbled slightly as they entered, righted themselves, then formed groups in mystic corners, all facing the throne, which was surrounded by mirrors and great candlesticks of dull brass. One candlestick rose to the excessive height of 7 feet 2 inches and contained five candles of much length and thickness. Another, on the opposite side of the throne, rose to 6 feet and contained not quite so many candles upon actual count. It was upon this throne that the Master was to sit in the light of his ring while he read Maeterlinck.

Meantime, from out some hidden recess there advanced into the mystic dimness a procession.

A marvellous procession this was of six white clad youths, youths in flowing robes and bearing in their white hands each a lamp fashioned of wrought glass or brass or delicate enamel. In these lamps the beautiful youths had caused to be placed or perhaps had placed themselves small candles that flickered so delicately as they passed that once more the devotees of mysticism whispered in an ecstatic way:

"Ah!"

These beautiful lamps the beautiful youths placed softly about, thus illumining the pathway for the Master when he should have cleared his voice sufficiently for the reading of the mystic Maeterlinck. They also illumined some pictures on the walls, long, narrow strange pictures of bodiless men and women, some with candles in front of their faces and some without.

Presently all along this pathway left for the Master there came the subdued sound of a clapping of hands, so subdued, indeed, that it had rather the sound of the echo of clapping, and the Master came from somewhere or other and walked along the pathway, his great ring flashing. In his Roman toga came he, and mounted even to the throne and sat thereon, facing his audience, in one hand a book, on the other the ring.

The clapping ceased when he opened his mouth and began forthwith to read "Monna Vanna."

"Monna Vanna!" went softly whispered here, there and about.

"Monna Vanna!" returned the echo.

Then there was silence save for the flash of the ring.

All through the first act of the play the Master swayed his dimly lighted audience. On crimson draped divans, on high backed carved chairs, on low backless stools, they sat feasting their eyes upon the beauty of him, high in his great throne chair in the light of his ring, reading.

There came a long drawn sigh when the first act was finished and he gave them five minutes to rest in. Hardly was the five minutes at an end before he once more mounted the throne and once more read.

"My children," he said, pausing at the end of the second act and laying down his book, "I will let you read the last act for yourselves."

For the first time that evening there went up a loud and strenuous sound of hand claps, one could hardly tell why.

If one supposes this to be the end of the mystic evening, one is mistaken.

At a signal from the Master once more the beautiful youths emerged from their retreat, this time bearing not lamps but long wonderful glasses of rare make, bought in the Far East perhaps, perhaps in the Bowery. These glasses the youths distributed gently among the waiting and somewhat thirsty guests.

All in the mystic dimness of the little lamps they tasted out of these beautiful glasses, then took them sadly away from their lips and put them down.

"What is it?" they whispered, one to the other, and back came the answer in even softer whispers for fear that the Master might possibly from some dim corner lend a listening ear:

"It is tea."

"Tea," repeated some, Maeterlinckly.

"Yes, tea," sighed they.